Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgraced, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to enoble theſe
That ſcarſe ſome two dayes ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſty
Againſt the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My lord, you doe me ſhamefull iniury,
Falſely to draw me in, ſuch vile ſuſpect.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord,
Glo. She may, L. *Riuers*, why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhe not? ſhe may, yea marry may ſhe.
Riu. What marry may ſhe?
Glo. What marry may ſhe? marry with a King
A batchelor, a handſome ſtripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My L. of Gloceſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſty,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a country ſeruant maid,
Then a Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at, *Enter Qu. Margret.*
Small ioy haue I in being *Englands* Queene.
Q. Mar. And leſſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour ſtate, and ſeat is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling the King?
Tell him and ſpare not looke what I ſayd,
I will auouch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, when paines are quite forgot.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember t
Thou ſleweſt my husband *Henry* in
And *Edward* my poore ſonne at *Tewx*
Glo. Ere you were Queene yea or
I was a pack-horſe in his great affaire
A weeder out of his proud aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royallize his blood I ſpilt mine ow
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better bl
Glo. In all which time, you and you
Were factious for the houſe of *Lanka*
And *Riuers*, ſo were you. Was not yo
In *Margrets* battaile at Saint *Albons*
Let me put in your mind, if yours for
What you haue beene ere now, and w
Withall, what I haue beene, and what
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, a
Glo. Poore *Clarence* did forſak his
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſ
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.
Glo. To fight on *Edwards* party for t
And for his meede (poore Lord) hee is
I would to God my heart were flint lik
Or *Edwards* ſoft and pittyfull like mine
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this world
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſhame,
Thou Cacodœmon, there thy kingdom
Ri. My Lord of *Gloceſter* in thoſe buſ
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemi
We follow then our Lord, our lawfull K
So ſhould we now if you ſhould be ou
Glo. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a
Farre be it from my heart the thought
Qu Mar As little ioy (my Lord) as
You ſhould enioy, were you this count
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof
A little ioy enioyes the Queene there
For I am ſhe, and altogether ioyleſſe:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG (JA 37